Raftsman's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—Duvivier.

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Select Poetry.

ABSENCE.

Lo! on the Susquehanna's gentle tide,
The twilight lingers, on the billow's breast,
It fondly hangs and fondly is caressed;
And weeps and blushes like a parting bride.
Mark, how the gay and gladdened river glows!
Now bank and wave and fondly bossomed isle
Grow bright and beauteous in that glorious smile;
And now—'tis past! The stream in darkness flows.
So sets the smile of love upon the tide
Of a lone spirit: though its banks be gay,
And many a bright scene woos it from its way,
That smile is gone—it knows no joy beside—
And flows in sadness on. So let it flow,
Until that gentle smile again awake its glow!

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE MARTYR FAMILY.

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CHAPTER IX.

Valens looked a moment at his pale, excited, trembling wife. The blood receeded from his broad, red cheeks; and passing out of the door, he hurried into the grounds back of his dwelling, his first thought being, as the evening was fine, and the air balmy and pleasant, that they had gone out to enjoy the bright star-light, and the fragrance of the moist, dewy flowers.

He passed rapidly along the walks, and through the thick, clustering vines; but seeing nothing of them, he returned again to the hall, endeavoring to conceal, as far as possible, his increasing anxiety.

Just as he entered, however, the sound of feet ascending the marble steps, caught his ear; and, turning round, he hastened to the door and opened it, followed by Valencia.

It was Valdinus and Vertitia.

"Where's Fiducia?" inquired Valencia, quickly.

"We left here, with her child, an hour ago," replied Valdinus.

"What! left her *alone!*" said Valens, sharply.

"Yes; we were out on a matter of Vertita's," said he, entering the hall, and throwing himself carelessly on a seat in the corner.

It appeared, they had been to one of the numerous Heathen Temples, to present an offering to a certain Goddess. As to the object of this offering, it must suffice to say, that it was not wholly unconnected with the affair of Marcus.

The truth, at length, flashed like lightening on the mind of Valens, and he could no longer conceal his apprehensions. His dear Fiducia had been seized and carried off, and possibly, by that time, her body had been committed to the flames; but how she had fallen into the hands of their barbarous persecutors, he could not conjecture. Nor was there any one to tell. Valdinus and Vertitia had left her alone with her child an hour before, and that was all they knew. The circumstances, therefore, of her arrest and abduction was a profound mystery, and for aught he could see, must remain so.

Then, knowing as he did the strength of Fiducia's principles, and her resolute purpose, as often expressed to himself, never to deny her faith, even at the cost of her life, led him to believe, that, if in the power of their enemies, her fate would soon be sealed.

And here, it may as well be stated, that this was Fiducia's natural character, firm and uncompromising, especially in matters of faith and duty. Neither threats, nor tortures, nor flatteries could shake her resolution, when once advisedly formed. This feature had always been one of the most noticeable in her life, even from her childhood; and it had shown itself with marked prominence in her character as a Christian.

At the same time, however, it had always been united with an uncommonly easy, mild, docile disposition; and Fiducia had always been one of the most kind, loving, and obedient daughters. With little to say, and less disposed to join in the frivolous gayities of the world, her ornament was indeed that of a "meek and quiet spirit." And then, universally esteemed, she had gained a hold upon the hearts of her parents, well nigh amounting to idolatry.

Hence, we can readily conceive how stunning the shock—how, like some great convulsion, their present apprehensions would toss and upheave their souls into the wildest disorder, and break up the deepest fountains of their sorrows.

And yet there was a feint, lingering hope. The human mind never readily yields to despair. It will shoot forth its tinsel rays through the thickest gloom. Hence, after the first paroxysm of his grief and subsided, Valens resolved once more to visit his grounds, in search of his missing daughter.

The search was accordingly made, but in vain. The bright star-light was falling silently through the opening vines, and tho moist, dewy flowers were pouring fourth their sweetest fragrance into the air, and the mild, balmy zephyrs where whispering through the leafy branches of the verdant trees. But that was all. No bright, greeting countenance came forth to meet the sorrowing man, to roll the great, cumbrous burden from his heart; and he walked into an adjoining street.

Here he stood for a few moments, scarcely knowing where he was, or what he did. His eyes, however, were raised to heaven, and a few broken, but fervent petitions went forth audibly from his lips.

"O, Fiducia! my dearest Fiducia!" said he, involuntarily, as he turned to re-enter the grounds.

"Fiducia! who's that?" said a gruff, hoarse voice.

Valens was startled, and, looking round, observed an old man crouched in a dark corner, a few yards from where he stood. He was one of those queer, miserable beings, great numbers of whom strolled about the streets of Rome, subsisting by fortune-telling, necromancy, and other similar arts; and passing the night in the streets and alleys, or wherever convenient.

"Fiducia's my daughter," said Valens, slowly approaching the old man, as he spoke.

"Ha! ha! Christians, I guess," said the old man, in the same gruff voice; and raising his long, bare, shrivelled arm, he pointed to the red light in the sky.

"If thou knowest aught of my daughter, speak," said Valens, imploringly.

The old man shook his grey, shaggy locks, and taking up a small rod or wand that lay at his side, began figuring with it in the air, muttering, at the same time, a jargon of foolish, unmeaning words.

"Ha! ha! Christians, I guess," again said the old man, in a wild, guttural voice, that alarmed Valens, and he turned to hasten away.

"Ha! ha! do I know aught of your daughter," cried the old man: "Is there any thing a wizard dont know? O! Vare! Vare! my sweet Vare! nipt to-night my set ears as the Emperor's dogs snarled, and dragged a whining female down yonder glistening marble.—Ha! ha! is there any thing a wizard dont know?" and the old man began figuring again with his wand, and muttering as before.

Valens had stopped. His heart sickened. His blood ran cold. His fears were confirmed. Vare was the name of Fiducia's child, and he knew his daughter's fate.

He hurriedly re-entered his dwelling, and throwing himself on a seat, burried his face in his hands.

What a mystery is the future! What human eye can penetrate its dark, misty depths? An hour, or even a few moments walk along life's sad journey, brings man into a maze of darkness, where the nicest and keenest powers of vision are wholly useless. In fact, each successive step in life is taken at a venture, and where it may plunge him, or what new scene it may reveal to his view, no man knoweth. The dark, mysterious night indeed recedes, but then it only recedes, step by step, as man thus advances upon life's journey; and it is true, that man can only read his own, or the history of his fellow mortals from the revelations of each successive hour or moment, which, together, make up the sum-total of life.

The reader has only to look into the great hall, to see a painful confirmation of this truth. A family, in a moment, is overwhelmed with inconsolable grief. A fond, loving mother has laid her sleeping babe upon her couch; and having impressed a kiss upon its guileless lips, and gazed proudly upon its mild, slumbering features—she leaves it, with a heart full of great, joyous emotions, to reseat herself at the curious marble stand, and resume her devotional meditations. But just as she takes her seat, the door is burst open, and a company of rude, infuriated soldiers stand before her. She falls back in her seat, pale, trembling and affrighted. Her last as well as first thoughts, are of her sleeping babe; and dragged out and hurried down the marble steps, she has only time to give vent to the sudden anguish of her soul, in the words; "O, Vare, Vare! my sweet Vare."

While this sad, heart-rending scene is acting, Valens and his wife are hurrying cautiously along the streets, their breasts heaving with emotions of bliss. In a few moments, they are expecting to greet the fond idol of their hearts with their wonted embrace; and, setting down, to tell her of their joys, of their sweet communion with the Savior in the emblems of his dying love, and, if possible, to impart to *her* soul some of that rapturous joy with which their own is filled. But, alas! they found no one there to greet—none to greet them. Fiducia was gone—gone, at the call of heaven, to give, her body to the flames, and her spirit to God. And they wept.

Was it not *nature* to weep? Is not the warm, full fountain of tears in the breast, there, to be unsealed, and shed? Can the strong tie that binds together the hearts of parents and their children, be rudely sundered, and no keen pain or anguish be felt. Shall man be less sensitive to the destruction of his offspring, than the beasts of the field or the fowls of the air? No!

The harp of man's nature is strangely strung, and attuned to a variety of melodies: At one time, to give forth its sweet notes of joy—at another, its deep, plaintive notes of sadness; and hence, the great drama of human life is interluded with the music of sorrow or joy, just as occurrences chance to touch the attuned strings.

Valens is still seated, with his face burried in his hands, while the great, boiling waves of sorrow are whirling and dashing through his soul. Valencia, with little Vare clasped to her breast, is pacing the hall in an agony of grief. Valindus, unused to thinking or caring much about anything, at length, has raised his hand to wipe away the tears which have found vent in despite of his efforts to keep them back; while Vertitia, at last, roused to a full sense of the overwhelming calamity, has thrown herself back in her seat, pale and death-like, and is wringing her hands, the very picture of grief and despair.

"Ah!" said Valens, at length, having in a measure recovered from the first sad effects of the shock; "ah! are there no rays of light penciled in the darkened skies? Is there no comfort, no hope in this dark, frowning providence? Is there no loud, meaning voice in it?"

"It's more, I think, than I can bear," sobed Valencia, clasping, at the same time, little Vare tighter in her arms, and pressing her warm, scalding cheeks to his.

"And me, too," quickly, rejoined Vertitia; "I wont bear it; I'll go and die with her."

Poor Vertitia! For the first time in her life, perhaps, she had experienced the pangs of an honest, heart-felt grief. Young, gay, and thoughtless, and immersed in the pleasures of the world, her life's journey had glided along smoothly, uninterrupted by any of its sad, sudden checks. And she had all her tears yet to shed; yet to learn the great lesson of the world's regrets and sorrows.

At length, however, the call came; and she is obliged to enter the school of experience, and, with all others, learn how few and full of trouble are the days of our appointed time on earth.

How hard is the lesson! How bitter is the first sip from the full, overflowing cup! So it often is. When the long-gathering cloud at last breaks, it is with the force of the whirling, dashing tornado—bending, breaking, and prostrating all before it.

Then, her untamed nature refuses to submit—to bear the load that has been laid upon it. It is too grievous. It stings, torments, crushes the soul; and throws it inso a wild, mad, furious frenzy. It rebels, and like the victim around which the seapent has coiled its huge folds, it writhes and tortures, plunges and struggles, to relieve itself. But in vain.

Even Valencia, though fortified by the principles of a great and glorious faith, finds submission difficult. In their best estate, the children of light are encompassed with infirmity; and that which is weak gets the better of that which is strong; and the soul; for the time being, is swallowed up in the depth and intensity of its sorrows, and sees nothing but its own misery.

Valens, however, at last, looks up from the depths; and sees the dark, frowning skies streaked with the light of an advancing day; sees the bright star of hope and promise rise over the gloomy hills; and hears, most of all, in this sad, afflictive providence, the entreaty—"be ye also ready."

"If Fiducia lives, I will see her face again, at the peril of my life," said Valens.

To be continued.

Church Music.

The following briliant passage is by Washington Irving, on hearing the choir in Westminster Abbey:—

Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with double and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! with what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through the caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty walls like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long drawn cadences! what solemn sweeping concords!—It grows more and more dense and powerful, it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls; the ear is stunned, the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee; it is rising from earth to heaven; the very soul seems rapt away and floated upward on the swelling tide of harmony!

Life—A masked ball, where, in struggling through the crowd, and trying to penetrate the disguise of our neighbor, we are apt to forget our own part, until the waning lights warn us of the time to depart.

☞ "Mother," said a little square-built urchin about five years old, "why don't my teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

Historical.

THE PURITANS.

FROM M'CAULAY.

We would first speak of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration, they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were as a body unpopular; they could not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule, which has already misled so many excellent writers.

Those who roused the people to resistance—who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years—who formed out of the most unpromising materials, the finets army that Europe had ever seen—who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy—who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanitics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of free-masonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body, to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable obligations, had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles I., or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles II. was celebrated. But, if we must take our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the spacious caskets, which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix our choice on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character, from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hand: their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose slightest action the Spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest—who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a fecility which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which shortsighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, the rocks had been rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

Miscellaneous.

THIEVING ACTRESS.

BY JULES JANIN.

If you love contrasts, this I am going to narrate, and which I have not sought, is terrible! At the very hour Henriette Sontag died, at the hour when a nation in mourning bore the remains of the great artiste under the funeral vaults of the Church of the Professor, to the plaintive accents of the *Requiem*, sung by Salvi, Marini, Rovere and Salviati, an obscure vessel, more like a slave ship than a Christian vessel, bore to California a woman who had aspired, too, to all the glories of the theatre!—Eh! *la malheureusue!* she had fallen (she was scarcely above thirty) to the rank of the *repris de justice!* When she made her debut in the first parts of the tragedy there was nothing more beatiful than this woman, and it was the unanimous praise of her beauty to compare her to Mademoiselle George herself. She wore the diadem like a queen; she held the sceptre like the greatest beauties of this our earth; she had the voice, the accent, the lightning, the majesty of her part, and it required nothing less than the sudden appearance of Mademoiselle Rachael to make that woman understand at least that she was destined to play the second parts. Then she became the prey of ennui, and anger mingled with it; she concealed herself near the ceiling of the theatre, and hid there: she hissed her, she called *her rival!*—They were obliged to use force and to throw her out of the house of Moliere. Then she fled into the provinces, where she reigned alone and without rivals, subduing all opposition by her boldness and her beauty. More courageous and more patient, this woman would have found her vocation, she would been the Athalie and Merope. She had their proud bearing. Suddenly she began to filch pieces of linnen and silver spoons in the inns. This Queen of the East had scarcely taken off the crown and the purple, when she played the disgraceful part of the thieving magpie. She had a fork under her Roman attire; she enveloped her diadem in a napkin stained with the gravy of the last meat pie. It was horrible to hear the inventory of the Police for the prosecuting attorney, and when the judges saw this queen, they could not understand how she could, from the height of her throne, thus stoop to these stains. Mark well that she twice stole this inn's silver, was condemned to the *pine infamate*. O misery! They twice cut her beautiful hair, the finest ornament of her insolent head. She was twice thrown in the midst of those nameless female thieves, and in the midst of the refuse of Parasian prostitution, but nothing could cure this incorrigible mania. At the last, tired justice determined to send this unfortunate woman to the mines of the Sacramento, and it was on board of the ship which bore her to her last destination that Helena Gaussin died, abandoned to all her vices, and sullied with all her crimes.

Tastes Differ.

In a lecture on what he has seen abroad, Wendell Phillips observes—

In Italy, you will see a man breaking up his land with two cows and the root of a tree for a plough, while he is dressed in skins with the hair on.

In Rome, Vienna, and Dresden, if you hire a man to saw wood he does not bring a horse along. He puts one end of the saw on the ground, and the other in his breast, and taking the wood in his hand, rubs against the saw.

It is a solemn fact, that in Florence, a city filled with the triumph of art, there is not a single auger, and if a carpenter would bore a hole, he does it with a red hot poker! This results not from the want of industry, but of sagacity of thought.

The people are by no means idle. They toil early and late, men, women, and children, with an industry that shames labor-saving Yankees. Thus he makes labor, that the poor must live.

In Rome, charcoal is principally used for fuel; and you will see a string of twenty mules, bringing little sacks of it on their backs, when one mule could draw all of it in a cart. But the charcoal vender never had a cart, and so he keeps his mules and feeds them. This is from no want of industry, but there is no competition.

A Yankee always looks haggard and nervous, as though he were chasing a dollar.—With us, money is everything; and when we go abroad, we are surprised to find that the dollar has ceased to be almighty.

If a Yankee refuses to do a job for fifty cents, he will probably do it for a dollar, and will certainly do it for five. But one of the lazaroni of Naples, when he has earned two cents, and eaten them, will work no more that day, if you offer him ever so large a sum.—He has earned enough for the day, and wants no more. So there is no eagerness for making money, no motive for it, and everybody moves slowly.

☞ 'How late is it?' 'Look at boss, and see if he's drunk yet; if he isn't, it can't be much after eleven.' 'Does he keep such good time?' 'Splendid! they regulate the town clock by his nose.'

Origin of Various Plants.

Every gentleman farmer ought to be somewhat acquainted with the origin and history of all ordinary plants and trees, so as to know their nature, country and condition. Such knowledge, besides being a great source of pleasure, and very desirable, will often enable him to explain phenomena in the habits of many plants that otherwise would appear inexplicable.

Wheat, although considered by some as a native of Sicily, originally came from the central table-land of Thibet, where it yet exists as a grass, with small mealy seeds.

Rye exists wild in Siberia.

Barley exists wild in the mountains of Himalaya.

Oats were brought from North Africa.

Millet, one species, is a native of India, another Egypt and Abysinnia.

Maize, Indian corn, is of native growth in America.

Rice was brought from South Africa, whence it was taken to India, and thence to Europe and America.

Peas are of unknown origin.

Vetches are natives of Germany.

Buckwheat came originally from Siberia and Tartary.

The Garden Bean from the East Indies.

Cabbage grows wild in Sicily and Naples.

The poppy was brought from the East.

The sunflower from Peru.

Hops come to perfection as a wild flower in Germany.

Saffron came from Egypt.

The onion is also a native of Egypt.

Horseradish is from South Europe.

Tobacco is a native of Virginia, Tobago, and California. Another species has also been found wild in Asia.

The grasses are mostly native plants, and so are the clovers, except Lucerne, which is a native of Sicily.

The gourd is an Eastern plant.

The potato is a well known native of Peru and Mexico.

Coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean.

Anise was brought from the Grecian Archipelago.

Had a Winning way with Her.—A wayward son of the Emerald Isle 'left the bed and board" which he and Margaret had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rum shops, where he was always on hand to count himself 'in,' whenever anybody should 'stand treat.' Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband back again. We shall see how she succeeded:

'Now, Patrick, me honey, will you come back?'

'No, Margaret, I won't come back.'

'Ah' won't ye come back for the love of the children?'

'Not for the love of the children, Margaret.' Will ye come back for the love of meself?'

'Niver, at all. 'Way wid yes.'

'An' Patrick wont the love of the church bring ye back?'

'The church to the divil, and then I wont come back.'

Margaret thought she would try one other inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it up to her truant husband, she said—'Will ye come for the drap of whiskey!'

'Ah, me darlint,' answered Patrick, unable to withstand such a temptation, 'it's yerself that'll always bring me home again—*ye has such a winning way wid ye*, I'll come home Margaret!'

Margaret declares that Patrick was reclaimed by moral suasion!

Facing the Music.—Some years ago in the New Hampshire House of Representatives, one of the members of that body, an old stick from South Hampton, when the yeas and nays were taken on an important question, did not answer to his name. After the roll was finished, he rose and addressed the presiding officer in the following pithy language:—'I rise to let you know that I did not mean to dodge the question. I only squatted a little, in order to take a better view of the whole subject; and I now say 'No' to that critter.'

A Shower of Compliments.—"How fortunate I am in meeting a *rain beau* in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day, to her "*beau* of promise," who *happened* along with an umbrella.

"And I," said he gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander, when he has caught a *rain-deer*."

These are the *beau ideal* of wet weather compliments.

"Say, Ceasar Agustus, why is your legs like an organ grinder?"

"Guvs it up, Mr. Peabody, why is da?"

"Cause da carry a monkey about de streets"

A brick grazed the head of Mr. P. just as his ears passed the corner.

An orator holding forth in favor of "woman—dear divine," concludes thus:

"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife."

"I beg your pardon," replied one of the auditors, "a bad husband does."